

THE SOTOYOMAN.



JANUARY 1910

Farmers and Mechanics Bank Of Healdsburg

Capital Stock Paid In - \$100,000

COMMERCIAL

SAVINGS

C. W. WEAVER, President
J. A. McMINN, Vice-President

S. L. WATTLES, Cashier
J. H. MILLER, Asst. Cashier

Corner Powell and Center Streets

W. S. EVELETH, Pres. VICTOR L. SCHOTT, Mgr.-Sec'y

Yosemite Engraving Co.

INCORPORATED

Etchers and Engravers of

High Grade Printing Plates

Engravers to The Sotogoman

NOTE—We make a specialty of Newspaper Work, School Magazines, Real Estate Cuts and Fine Screen Half-Tones. Prompt Service and First Class work in every detail.

1932 Center Street, Top Floor Reporter Building ... P. O. Box 122, Berkeley, California ... Phone Berk. 70

The Star Outfitting Co.

INCORPORATED

Successors to FRENCH & ROUSE and RACKET TEA STORE

Wish You a Happy New Year

and solicit your patronage for 1910

Up to the Minute

Footwear

All the Latest Styles

Schwab Bros.

See Us In Our New Store

New Line of BEST

Shoes

FOR FALL WEAR



New Year Blessings



Tale of De Sotopoman

Literary

Holiday Greetings---2100 B. C. [Story of "Ye Olden Days]	3
Song of a Sophomore [Poem---Natural course of events]	4
Look What You Went an' Done [Dialogue---"Boys will be boys]	5
To the New Year [Poem]	6
Some Day When Dreams Come True [Oh, if this were only so]	7
The Little Quakeress [Story---The disillusionment of a girlish dream]	8
Senior Resolutions [Poem---We all have our day]	9

School Departments

Editorials	10
Boys' and Girls' Athletics	12 13
School Notes	11
Exchanges	14
Sugar and Lemons	15
Senate	16
Joshes	17

The Sotoyoman



Literary Department

Vol. V

HEALDSBURG CALIFORNIA JANUARY 1910

No. 4

Holiday Greetings From 2100 B. C.

By Helen Kine, '10

Zabum, royal prince, lay upon the couch enwrapped in melancholy thought. Had he looked up through the large windows near the ceiling, he would have seen the lovely Babylonian stars twinkle in playfulness, and the crescent moon of the Orient, whom to see was verily gladsomeness. The rays of the rulers of night shone through upon the opposite wall, throwing a warm illumination upon the plastered panelled side of stucco, painted with various shapes of men and animals. The golden cornices inlaid with jewels and glorified by the glimmering moon, and its silver rays breathe the breath of life into a bust of Marduk, Babylon's god, sculptured from famed Sinai's diorite.

And the fair moon was measuring the hours of night toward the next day, the long-awaited festival of Marduk, the mighty strengthener of Babylon's people, whose celebration occurred on the last day of Adas, the last month of the Babylonian year, when the rich landowner would distribute the bodies of thousands of sacrificed animals and the great temples would scatter a part of their treasure dues to the city's folk.

But the thoughts of pleasure were not to Zabum. The twilight radiance of the room disturbed his limbs. He was troubled with forebodings of

penalties for unlearned lessons. He, Hammurabi's son, had only memorized one-half of the third tablet of the creation epic; the scribe at the Esazila school had called him the worst student in the class of the dead Summariau tongue, the Latin of the 20th century B. C., and he had only done a small part of the prescribed work in the Summerian copy tablets. Thus the valorous name of Samuabi's dynasty was besmirched.

But more than this, Zabum's father, Hammurabi, the city king of Babylon, had led his militia across the level Euprates plain of waving wheat, barley and palm to fight the hated Elamites, the cruel conquerors of the Babylonian city states, and there had come a rumor of a mighty battle, wherein the warrior gods had fought and a thousand of Marduk's devotees lay slain and hidden among the sesame fields of the south. So ran the report. Zabum and the city had no sleep that night for they tremblingly expected soon coming destruction to Babylon's palaces and homes and a revengeful plowing across her demolished plains.

The stars out of the window wane, but there is no cessation of doomful forebodings in Babylon's people, nor to Zabum, the son of the king. Suddenly the far tramp of a camel comes from the

south streets, and hastens to the court of Zabum's palace, where the city's officials collect. Zabum rushes up and throwing over himself an embroidered tunic, he opens the cedar door, stepping down to the garden below. There in the dewey light of coming morning the messenger announces the fact of a glad victory of Lord Marbuk, who has walked over the necks of the enemy and thrown the legions of Elam into confusion. Hammurabi is returning laden with the spoil of the deputies' palaces. The waking city is thrilled with the news.

Several hours later the great temple of Esailas is surrounded by a surging stilled multitude to witness the annual ceremony of receiving Marduk. In the foreground Marduk's glorious sanctuary rests in successive stories, each smaller than the preceding one. The lower story, ten feet high, whose top is reached by wide steps in front, extends fifty feet beyond the next wall upward and on top of this gather the temple inmates. The high priest in his white robe bordered by purple and a goat's skin thrown over his shoulders, holds in his hands a small image of Marduk. Behind him a company of temple wardens and scribes in the more gorgeous attire of highly embroidered robes and jewel-

ed capes, stand in silence. Hammurabi advances up the steps and walking over to the high priest touches the hands of the image. At that very instant a small boy escaping the vigilance of the guards at the base, runs up to Hammurabi in childish glee and clasps his father. Zabum exclaimed, "Oh., father, I'm so glad to see you, great is Marduk." His youthful voice penetrates the great silent company, who touched by the youth's unconscious exultation are roused to an overwhelming sense of Marduk's omnipotence and cry out, "Great is Marduk, loved of Babylon!" The temple wardens bring out great stores of sesame and dates the gifts of Babylon's deity, and distribute them amongst the multitude. The nobles offer the blood of thousands of rams and oxen upon Esigila's altars and give these bodies to the exultant crowd.

For in those days the gods cleaved the sword in the battles of man and the people rejoiced in their city god's visitation. Their spiritual exultation made them give, each to his neighbor. Zabum was made glad in the consciousness of Marduk's imminence and forgot his despair for the studies, and joined in the giving.

Song of a Sophomore

By Mary L., '12

The light is burning dimly in a cheerless room so cold,
The embers glow but little when they once had been as gold;
There sits a girl in study with her elbow on her knee,
And as the clock ticks slowly on, she says, "What shall it be?"
"My Latin lesson is not learned, my English written not,
Until I work my Algebra I cannot leave the spot;
The boys and girls are playing now, their laughter loud floats in,
I also hear the BANG—when silence follows din."
And still the lamp burns feebly, now no more the embers glow.
The breeze outside blows louder and more loud the fun does grow.
With thoughts of Zeros fleeing fast, she blows the dim light out,
And soon the new arrival is received with one glad shout.

Look What You Went an' Done

By Emily Mothorn, '12

"Hello there, old chap, didn't suppose you would be in existence after Hallowe'en. Haven't had the pleasure of seeing you since. Where have you been these last few months. But say, what did you do anyway to have a good time, Arthur?"

"It's quite a story and would make a genuine newspaper if it were written, but if you'll come over here in the shade of this tree I'll tell you all about it."

After a few rather disconnected words had been passed the boys seated themselves and Arthur began thus:

"Well, in the first place, Charlie, mother didn't seem to see it that I might go out and have a general good time with the rest of the school, so I determined that we'd have a much better time than you fellows after all."

At this Arthur interrupted in, "Well, but who are 'we,' Charlie?"

"Oh, that Richard, a Freshman, I think, and myself, but say, he's a pretty good sort of a kid, don't you know it? But anyway he was supposed to ask his mother if he might come and visit me, and I was to ask ma to go and spend the evening with him, and this is what happened—

Richard—"Mother may I go and spend the evening with Charlie, it is Hallowe'en and as you do not care to have me go out with the fellows I would like to go over there."

Martenal Parent—"Yes, dearie, I am glad to let you go there, they are such nice people, and Charlie is a lovely boy."

Of course Dick came.

I said, "Ma can I go over to Dick's?"

"What!" said my astonished parent, "ask your questions properly and then I'll consider them."

I then changed it to—"Well, then, may I go over to Richard's home for the evening?" Mother then consented very politely. But instead of either of us going to the other's home we went out to our barn, and this ensued—

"Hello Dick!"

"Hello Charlie!"

"Say Charile, did you bring your mother's clothes line, I don't see it?"

"My! you're not an owl to expect to see here in

this night, blacker than the darkest night in black Egypt. Nevertheless, I am glad it is pretty dark, for your plans can be carried out so much better.

But let's get to work stuffing these clothes, here are the rags and things to work with."

"Gee whiz! where did you get so many of 'em."

"Oh they're just mother's old carpet rags, Dick."

* * *

"Well, that's as well as we can do with rags and clothes, but I think it makes a pretty good imitation of a man. Now, Dick, you show your artistic ability and draw a man's face on that pillow there, and we'll put it on here and fasten a necktie around his neck.

Dick, after he had labored for some time putting the eyes, nose, mouth, hair and mustache on the pillow—"Say, Charlie, what do you think my teacher would say if she saw this fine feature drawing done by a Freshman."

"Never mind what the teacher would say, but put this hat on and pull it down over his eyes."

"There, that's fine, and now we will make a sneak up the outside stairs and prepare for the fun."

Charile explaining to Dick—"Now, you know my father is a right down coward, afraid of his own shadow in the dark, and mother has hysterics if she hears herself breathe."

"Well, we went upstairs and opened the window from my room and slid the old man out and let him go down in front of the sitting room window. Father's room opens right off this—Bumpty! bumpty! Bang! the old man would bang against the window, it kept this up for quite awhile and then—

"John did you hear that?"

"What, mother?"

"I believe I heard some one in the sitting room, I am sure I heard the window rattle. There, oh! oh! do get up quick! Oh, John! (John covers up his head and shakes as if he had a chill).

"John do get up quick, do you—"

John interrupting—"Oh! Mary, I am so sick, just feel how I am shaking, I think I have chills."

"John, if you don't get up I'll kick you out of bed and I'll—"

John interrupting—"I'll get up Mary if it kills me, but if you were as sick as I am I'm sure I wouldn't allow you to get up."

"John do get the gun, you are only frightened—there, didn't yuo hear that? I'll bet the window is all broken and—you big coward—"

"Never mind calling me names, I'll kill the burglar."

At this they both jumped up and arrived on the scene just as the man had made a bound against the window.

"Oh! oh-o-o-o, Mary, where is the gun, I have the man right here in the window." (for father had forgotten the gun).

At this father grabbed the poker and smashed the window just as the man went up out of sight. Mother screamed and went into hysterics, and pa began calling, "Burglar! Police!"

Dick and I soon had the man pulled in and the rags back in the bag, and the pillow back in the

case. Dick just got down stairs in time to almost run into the cop's arms. I ran into a big fat man, and he refused to let me go until Pa identified me as his son. Of course this put the idea into my head of getting even on him, so took the clothes line and stretched it from one corner of the house to the fence, then we hid around the house to see what would happen."

"Oh! joy! fun wasn't in it. Pa, ma, cop and all the rest of the neighborhood came rushing out to look for tracks, and say, you should have seen them catch their chins over that wire, and then fall over backwards. The best part of it, too, no one ever suspected us."

Oh, it was great. "Both of us had rather been boys than Presidents."



To the New Year

By F. P., '10

All the land lies still and cold
'Neath its mantle of white snow.
To the skies the trees their long arms hold,
Waving ceaselessly to and fro.
In the revelry of the storm.

The icy wind goes fleeting along
Over the umarked plains,
As it goes it sings a loud fierce song
Of its home 'mong the snows and rains.
And crags of ghostly form.

At midnight sweet-toned bells ring out,
And echo far and near,
Expectant, joyous, each one waits
To welcome the glad New Year.
And bid the old good bye.

This year was filled with many joys,
And each day was a joy apart—
Now unbidden tears come to my eyes,
And a sadness steals into my heart.
I must bid the old year good bye.

Now the wind and storm have ceased their roar.
Earth lies in glittering quiet.
A laughing face peers in at the door,
A face most joyous and bright.
And we hail the glad young year.

Let us lift high our cups, drink a toast each one,
For joy in the coming days,
And good resolves for the year to come,
And good fortune in all our ways.
Again—here's to the glad New Year.

Some Day When Dreams Come True

By K. S. '10

"The line yy' is parallel to xx' and the angles are, now what are they anyway—this is such a bore. Well, I'll try it another way, the angles x, y, are corresponding <s and—oh, shucks, I'm sleepy."

A curly head bowed on the library table and with a yawn Drusilla was in the land of Nod. Studying was a new experience to her and try as she might she couldn't apply herself.

The fire burned low and the room was silent. Outside the wind moaned and howled as only March winds know how. A gust of wind blew down the chimney scattering the books and papers helter-skelter, causing the tired little Miss to open her eyes and look about. What a sight met her eyes—there on the floor was a tiny airship, brown in color with propellor and wings of white, and calmly sitting at the wheel of the aeroplane was an odd looking fellow dressed in a shiny coat, with long thin legs, and a queer little knot of a head.

"Come take a ride with me, little one," the long legged creature entreated, "and we'll go where History, English and Geometry are not known." What was this she heard, no Geometry? Drusilla quickly decided she'd go to this happy place, and without hesitation stepped into the airship. With a shoot they were up the chimney and out into the wind. Up, up they went until they reached a fleecy cloud which opened and let them in. What a fairy land—streets of sugar candies and strewn with roses. Laughing girls and boys danced, and had athletic games to their hearts content. "Don't you have to study hard to get marks in order to enter athletics?" Drusilla timidly asked a basket ball girl and football boy, who were resting on a rustic seat. "Oh, no," they laughed, "Nothing like that here." "And don't you have Ex's and have to cram," was her next question. "Never replied a wee fellow, that isn't good for one's health." Just then a crowd of laughing girls came crowding about her and offering her caramels, chocolate creams and popcorn. "We're out for the afternoon," they all cried in a chorus, "isn't that jolly."

Drusilla looked dismayed, "You didn't 'skip' did you?" "Of course, we did, you little goose, what of it—we'd lose our good complexions if we stayed in school all day." "But you'll have to take an excuse tomorrow won't you?" she asked, anxiously waiting for their answers. "Well, I should say not—the teachers never think of that, cause we leave whenever they want themselves," Drusilla was amazed, what a pleasant place to be. She determined to ask one more question. "And if you flunk what is done to you?" They all laughed in chorus. "Truly," one big fellow answered, "The teacher asks questions, and if no one answers, she says, 'here's where we're losing time' and we all go either for a picnic or some game, teachers and all, too. And we never have English papers to write, cause reading is hard on one's eyes, and the teacher wants to preserve her eyesight for years to come. So come little girl, and join in our fun."

Drusilla was in raptures and when she was loaded with fudge, pennants and was wearing a frat pin, she never again wanted to leave this dandy place. But the queer little fellow with long thin legs bade her come, and he would take her to other pleasant lands.

They jumped in and with pennants flying were off. Away they sailed, when suddenly the strong wind tore one of the wings and with a despairing look and a "We're off," the little funny man gave up and down went the machine. Drusilla shrieked—when would they light. With a bump they hit earth and Drusilla scrambled out. She rubbed her eyes and looked around—where was she? In her own library and the aeroplane and her navigator on the floor. There it lay, the brown geometry book and white pages of paper, otherwise the airship, and by it lay the silver clad man with the long legs—the compass.

Picking up the book Drusilla turned to the page of her lesson, thinking of her "pleasant and painful flight," and singing softly, "Some day when dreams come true."



The Little Quakeress

Beulah Jones, '13

"To think that tomorrow will be my twenty-second birthday and I never have been to the city—and, too, I vowed last year that the day should not dawn on the twentieth of January again when I would be here." Thus spoke Gwendolyn Graham to herself as she quickly dressed on that cold winter morning. "They needn't think they can fool me," she continued, "I wonder if they ever intended to let me see those letters," and at this her thoughts went back to when a month before she had been looking through a large chest in the attic and found a large packet of letters quite yellow with age. She read one and discovered it to be a letter from her own mother telling of her life.

She had not liked the Quaker religion and on the eve of her eighteenth birthday had gone to the city. After a few years of city life her faithless husband had deserted her, leaving their three children to her care. She was forced to live in a tenement district and tried to make a living for her little ones. But a terrible fire broke out and she lost her two little boys. Then the mother abandoning all hopes of a rescue, rushed through the flames with her three year old daughter in her arms. She had drawn a heavy cape over the baby's face, but had neglected to cover her own.

When she reached safety she was badly burned and was taken to a nearby hospital. The poor mother lingered but a few days and during this time the nurse had written this letter to her brother, asking him to raise her child as if it were his own.

Gwendolyn knew now why she had always longed for the city life, and, too, she realized why her uncle always sternly bade her not sing the songs she had been taught. She was tired of the country life and felt ashamed when people spoke of things only "forty miles from Boston," but her uncle refused to let her ever go there. The one great desire of her girlish heart was to have fine clothes and lead a city life, but her uncle's religion forbade even the use of dainty white kerchiefs, which a city girl friend had given her.

It was on this cold January morning that Gwendolyn resolved to pack her few belongings and start on her journey by foot, for she had little money to go by rail. She thoughtfully packed a

box of lunch to take with her, for she knew she would be very hungry perhaps before getting work.

Her hopes were very high for her city friend had told her few girls had such beautiful voices before cultivation. All through the summer the friendly city girl had taught the poor little Quakeress a number of exercises and scales till it was remarkable how flexible and clear her sweet voice was. She had one lullaby that was particularly suited to her voice, a pretty dainty one, but her uncle forbade her singing this.

The house was always quiet by half past eight for after the day's toil the farmer would be tired. On this night Gwendolyn Graham left the quaint and peaceful old farm house for the busy city of Boston. She departed—and half a mile down the road turned for a last glimpse at the place she had always known as "Home."

* * *

Two years later she sat in the poorly furnished flat and her thoughts were of her sad life in the city.

The first night she had slept on the back steps of a house with rugs serving as pillows, but early next morning when she heard the people stirring she hurriedly left.

All day she sought employment and late that evening she found a place. A chorus girl had suddenly taken ill and Gwendolyn was to take her place. After a few hours of study and a rehearsal she knew the part and felt perfectly at ease. From that night on she had climbed the ladder of success until she was leading lady. Then she married her manager, and left the stage. After a couple of years of married life he deserted her, leaving her alone with her child. How like her own mother's sad life story. Piece by piece the furniture had been disposed of until now only a few pieces remained. Now for the last time the second hand man came to get the few remaining articles, and after they had been loaded on the wagon the man rudely tossed her a few pieces of silver. It was all she had in the world, and with it she determined to return to her uncle's home. Wrapping her baby in the only shawl in the house she made her way to the station and boarded the train for home. Home

How the word sounded, but would they allow her to return?

Surely her uncle, although he had been rude at times would not refuse her shelter.

At last the train stopped at the little village where her uncle lived. She alighted but none of the familiar faces about the platform recognized her. Bracing herself for the walk to the old farmhouse, she pressed her child more closely to her breast and started down the street.

Instinctively she felt the familiarity of the scene, although apparently she took no heed of her surroundings, but hastened out of the light. After a long tiresome walk she reached the gate of the old homestead where she had spent her childhood.

The curtains were never pulled down, nor were they on this bleak night. Gwendolyn ascended the steps and peered in. There they sat—the two old folks, eating their evening meal. "Do you think they will welcome the prodigal home, dearie?" she half whispered to the tiny child as she tremblingly knocked at the old door.

* * *

"Do you know that today is my birthday, Uncle," Gwendolyn asked the next morning as she sat before the fire, the baby on the old man's knee.

"Yea, my niece, but dost thou know that thine uncle feels twenty years younger when he holds thy child on his knee?"



Senior Resolution

By Audry Walters, '10

(Apologies to Poe)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary
While I pondered weak and weary,
O'er many a quaint and furious
Book of History—what a bore—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor I muttered
Tapping at my Chamber door,
But—my book fell on the floor.
Oh, how vividly I remember
On than dreary old December,
Each book in dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Oh, how I did wish for morrow,

And how hard I sought to borrow,
Without toil or any sorrow,
Lessons that I could not learn.
Study I can never spurn (?)
Presently my soul grew stronger.
Then hesitating no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly,
My forgiveness you'll implore.
For this stuff will never, never
Go into my brains as wisdom,
So you might as well just sever
All those ideas of such 'quidom'
That comes floating more and more,
With us make a resolution,
Never, never, NEVERMORE!"

The Editors Page

J A N U A R Y S O T O Y O M A N

Editorial Staff

Editor in Chief.....	Kathleen Swisher, '10
Assistant.....	Geneva Gladden, '10
Business Manager.....	Howard Judy, '11
Assistants.....	Conway Hall, '10
	Alfred Passalacqua, '10
Literary Editor.....	Audry Walters, '10
Assistants.....	Charlie Philips, '11
	Mary Livendusky, '12
	Herbert Mothorn, '13

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

School Notes.....	Lavergne Hoodley, '11
Social Notes.....	Audry Walters, '10
Alumni Notes.....	Helen Jones, '10
Senate Notes.....	Gladys Hall, '10
Girls' Athletics.....	Bera Mothorn, '10
Boys' Athletics.....	Everett Lampson, '10
Exchanges.....	Fannie Philips, '10
Joshes.....	Vera Nelligan, '11

Subscription

One Year.....	75 Cents	Six Months.....	50 Cents
	Single Copies.....		10Cents

Subscriptions are payable in advance and should be sent to the Business Manager

To all may the New Year bring health and prosperity, happiness reigning as a sceptered king. Over all the land shall be rejoicing when the new year 1910 is ushered in and many, many resolutions will no doubt be made. The staff of "YE SOTOYOMAN" in one voice acclaim the gladsome time and to all wish joy and happiness. And when, after the fleeting of this year, we again assemble to watch "the old year out and the new year in," may we all look back and feel with pride that we have accomplished something worth doing and that the year 1910 has not been in vain.

The Editor has received the following little letter and New Years greeting from Mr. **To H.H.S. Students** Crossan, our printer: "I desire to express to you as editor of THE SOTOYOMAN, and thru you the entire student body, who are responsible for that publication, my deep appreciation for the extremely kind words you took occasion to write in the Xmas number of THE SOTOYOMAN. I assure you your words were far more praiseworthy than I

deserve, and only regret that it is impossible under the circumstances to give you as good a number every month as I took pleasure in giving you Xmas. My hearty greetings. A very happy New Year to all. Sincerely, Alexander Crossan."

How often we hear, "Oh, I've made a New Year resolution, and "So have I." Yes, indeed, many are made on New Year day, and many good ones. But do we keep them all? No, I'm afraid not—probably for a month or so, then we're back in our old ways. Yet there's nothing like the old saying, "If you don't succeed, try, try again," and each year the same resolutions are made and so it will be always. At any rate, they hold for awhile, and we must be given credit for that.

The "Larson Trophy" which the Girls' Basket

The Cups

Ball team won in 1908 is ours no longer—Lowell now claims it for the season '09. With great reluctance we part with the pretty cup, as it was a valuable part of our collection. Yet, we send congratulations to the Lowell team along with the trophy. The "Stanford cup" which we won last may also go back in a few months, and some other school will be the happy possessor for a year. But we are content and feel satisfied to think that we held it one year, as it is quite a "feather in one's cap" to win a Stanford meet. To the athletes of '09 do we owe for winning the trophies for H. H. S.

For a number of years it has been the custom to have a Senior Ball New Year's, but that custom will not be followed this year. The weather never seems to have any regard for "Senior doin's" and just as sure as a ball is given down comes the rain in torrents. Consequently we've decided to play "April fool" (altho it's rather previous) on the weather this year and not give one. However, the class of '10 will probably plan something else a little later for entertainment, but mostly for money. They wouldn't be typical Seniors you know, if they weren't after that.

SCHOOL NOTES



Evelyn Goddard '11 has returned to school after several weeks' absence.

Florence McDoonnell ex'11 has visited Healdsburg for the past week.

Frank McClish '09 was a visitor to the High Thursday.

Miss Harmon, our Latin and German instructor, spent the week end visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Carroll Waterman '09 is to return to H. H. S. and take up German III. He was quite a shining light in German II last year.

Mrs. Bingaman (Genevieve Kimball) visited school December 13. Her many former pupils and associates were delighted at seeing her and enjoying a chat. It seemed like "days of old" when she was teaching us the mysteries of German and History. Mrs. Bingaman's father, Captain Kimball, has been very ill, hence his daughters stay here. She returned to her home in Oakland December 14.

Helen Jones '10 was confined for a number of days at her home on account of illness. Her return to school was heralded with delight by her many friends.

The Xmas vacation was certainly a gladsome time for many. After such a good rest and after so much pleasure we are all willing to return to our school work.

The mechanical drawing class have finished their

seventh plate and are now working on lettering.

The German Glee Club is progressing rapidly in the art of "warbling Dutch," and will soon be arranging for their concert tour. Smile!

Everett Lampson '10 spent Monday, Dec. 13 in Santa Rosa arranging a basket ball schedule.

Vera Nelligan was absent from school a few days in December.

Homer Coolidge, '09, who has been attending school, is now in San Francisco, assisting his father, Dr. Coolidge in a sanitarium.

Many High School pupils enjoyed the talk on "Ireland" given by Doctor Dille, Dec. 14. It was noticeable that many of our "bonny lads and lassies of Erin Isle" were there.

Jessie Boss '08, who has been taking a P. G., has accepted a position in Hazen's store for a short time.

The Cup that goes to Lowell now makes a bare place among the other cups, where it has stood so long.

The Xmas number of the Sotoyoman was especially attractive and received many favorable comments. Every one seemed to have a great interest in it and many stories were handed in that were not used. This increase looks good to the editor.

As yet we have not received any calls from Examiners, and if it isn't rude permit us to say we don't care to have them come. They are always such "nerve racking" times to the student (?).

Girls' Athletics

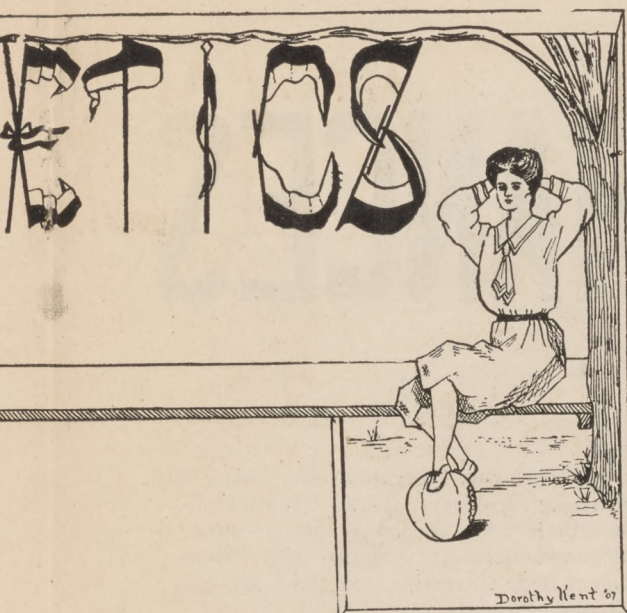


On the evening of November 26 we met a happy bunch of Santa Rosa girls at the train and escorted them to the hotel for dinner. After dinner we took them to Truitt's theatre, there to meet and defeat them in one of the snappiest contests that has ever been witnessed in Healdsburg. Also one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in Healdsburg to witness a game. One of our opponents was unfortunate enough to miss the train, which the team came upon, but the game was played until an auto brought her from her city. Excitement reigned high from the first. Each time we scored or a noticeably daring play was made by any girl on our team, excitement ran higher. The whistle could scarcely be heard for the deafening sounds from the galleries. The game was intensely interesting throughout, at no time was the score very onesided. At the end of the first half the score stood 8-2 in our favor, and the final score was 9-13 in our favor. A great many fouls were called during the game, but most of these were due to the slippery floor. A dance, enjoyed by a large crowd, followed a game between the Alumni and H. H. S. boys. The visiting team stayed over with us until the Freshman-Sebastopol game the following afternoon. The line-up was: Santa Rosa—Goalers, Margaret Lonergan, Allison Dickson; centers, Marjorie Core, Minnie Cooper, Capt.; Ida Haynie; guards, Lily Lewis, Ruth Sumners. Healdsburg—Goalers, Kathleen Swisher, Mary Meisner; cen-

ters, Audry Walters, Capt.; Elva Beeson, Beulah Jones; guards, Ynez York, Bera Mothorn. Officials: Referee, Ross Chase; umpires, Grace Butler, Everett Lampson.

On Saturday afternoon, November 27, our Freshmen met the girls from Sebastopol High School, and were defeated by a score of 21-9. This was the first game a majority on our team ever played in and as a result some were rather "stage struck" but nevertheless, they did some very good work—exceptionally well for a team with so little practice and no experience. We feel that they are to be highly congratulated and we hope that in the future they will have an opportunity to play them again, and show that practice and experience are good teachers. Our line-up was: Goalers, Elsie Parrot, Genevieve Meade; centers, Pearl Rowley, Beulah Jones, Eva Hendricks; Guards, Bernice Landers, Capt.; Beryl Dewey. Referee, Miss Johnson; umpires, Dr. Kinley and Audry Walters.

On December 11 our team was to meet the team from Lowell High School, but a short time before we were informed that it would be impossible for them to come. As the game was widely advertised and many tickets were sold we tried to arrange a game with another team but were not successful in securing another game as it was too late. But finally the boys were able to have the boys of Sebastopol H. S. up to play them, and we played a local game as a substitute for the expected one. The



Dorothy Kent '07

Reds won by a score of 9-6. This seems to be an unlucky night for us as just a year ago on the same date we were disappointed in a double game with Fruitvale. The line-up was as follows: Reds—Goalers, Katleen Swisher, Mary Meisner; centers, Elva Beeson, Audry Walters; guards, Beryl Dewey, Genevieve Meade. Blacks—Goalers, Fannie Phillips, Helen Meisner; centres, Laverne Hoadley, Beulah Jones; guards, Ynez York, Bera Mot-horn. Referee, Grace Buter; umpire, Dr. Kinley.

BASKET BALL

This season the boys are greatly interested in that popular indoor sport and hope to win many victories. Casy Brannum '10 was elected Captain for this season and we predict he will prove himself very efficient. The number of candidates this year is a great improvement over last and many boys are trying out.

H. H. S. vs. ALUMNI

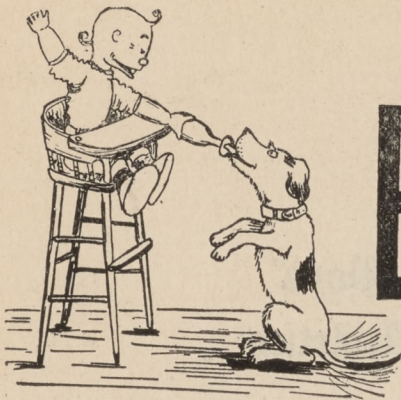
On Nov. 27 the team played the Alumni boys, following the game played between the Santa Rosa and Healdsburg girls. The High School team played splendidly, but did not quite come up to the Alumnus. The game resulted in a score of 15-12 in favor of the latter. But both teams belong to us and we claim all the players as former high school players, so there was no feeling of rivalry. The high school team was represented by the follow-

Boys' Athletics

ing: Everett Lampson, Humbert Scatena, goalers Casey Brannum, center; Basil Hall, Cethyl Jones, Ora Mayes, Howard Judy. The Alumnus were Ed-die Beeson, center; Frank Meisner, Floyd Bailey, goalers; Bert McDonough, Fred Young, guards. Dr. Kinley refereed the game, assisted by Frank McClish.

H. H. S. vs. SEBASTOPOL

At a very short notice the Sebastopol boys consented to come here and play, the game coming off Dec. 11. The teams lined up evenly and the game was on. For a few minutes neither side scored till finally Sebastopol scored, one. Then H. H. S. scored and so on, during the entire first half, the score being very even. But in the second half our boys played a splendid game, running the score up to 35-14. Despite the one-sidedness of the score the game was exciting and clever. The home players made many well scienced plays. Scatena and Lampson distinguished themselves by clever goal throwing and the entire team played quick ball. Dr. Kinley and Frank McClish acted as umpires to the entire satisfaction of the two teams. The Sebastopol boys were very nice fellows and were well liked. The game was not marred by any quarreling, but all was done in a sportsmanlike manner. The H. H. S. team was: Brannum (Capt.), centre; Lampson, Scatena, goalers; Mayes, Judy, Hall, guards. We regret to say that we haven't the visiting team's line-up.



EXCHANGES

We had but few papers at hand when the Christmas number went to press, so omitted the Exchange column. By this time, however, quite a number have accumulated, to all of which we give a cordial welcome. There is not one exchange on our list this year but what is interesting and well worth one's time to read.

* * *

The "High School Chat" for October certainly has a classy cover. Try to get more original jokes. The November number is interesting. Why not enlarge your Exchange column—give fuller criticisms?

We have several numbers of the "Wah Hoo" on hand. This paper is always neat in appearance. The cuts are all right, but why so few? The cover design of the Football number is splendid. As a rule the stories are all interesting.

The October and November numbers of the "Om-nigraph," both, have good covers. The paper is steadily improving, especially in literary matter.

The "Red and White" is as good a paper as one could wish for. The josh columns of the October and November numbers are splendid, as also are the stories. We heartily agree with your clever poem about Peary.

The class notes in the October "Echo" are certainly good and also the joshes. You need more stories.

The three copies of the "Olla Pidrida" which we have received deserve much praise. The cartoons are hard to beat. Your athletic reports are ones to be proud of.

The "K. H. S. enterprise" for November has a better cover than usual and neat appearance. The Exchange column is too brief and joshes scarce.

We compliment you, "Eugene News," upon the appearance of your October issue. The cover certainly is artistic. The stories are not so good as usual, but the articles on "Success" and "Debate as a Student Body enterprise," are fine. The paper is well arranged.

The cover design of the "High School Register" for October certainly is keen and most appropriate.

The cuts are scarce and not very attractive. The stories are good, and the poem "Reflections," very beautiful.

We are glad to see the "Review" from Sacramento. The stories are fairly good, but that cannot be said of the joshes. "Leaflets from a Freshman's Diary" is a clever little sketch.

Some of the departments of the Portola "Flame" are rather scant. The cover design is very attractive and appropriate.

The September "Acorn" is one of the handsomest papers we have received and contains splendid material.

The November "Manzanita" is characterized by its neatness and good arrangement. We have no criticism, but the josh column could be livened up a little.

The Auto story in the October "Cogswell" is a good one. This is one of the best arranged papers on our list.

The suggestive cover of the Thanksgiving "Clarion" contains interesting material. The joshes are better this time.

The stories in the October "Comet" are extraordinarily good. It is a neat and interesting paper.

"Guard and Tackle," your cover design for the Thanksgiving number is not very artistic. "Molly" is an excellent story.

Some cuts would add greatly to the appearance of the "Dictum Est." The October number is good.

We fail to find an Exchange column in the October "Argus." The literary department is improving.

Why is your Exchange column so abbreviated, "Polytechnic Journal?" We believe that some exchanges would like to hear your opinion of them. Your November issue is very good.

The contents of the "Janus" are interesting and neatly arranged, and the cuts are clever.

We cannot say too much in favor of the October "Messenger." Neatness, good cuts and clever material are all found in it.

We welcome the following new exchanges: "The Shadow," "The Searchlight," "The Crocus" and the "Item."

The cover of the "Searchlight" certainly cannot be called artistic, but the material of the paper is good. The addition of some cuts would be an improvement.

The "Crocus" is neat, and made interesting by the number of joshes.

We compliment the writer of "Tanis" upon the beauty of her poem, which, with good stories and joshes makes the November "Item" one of the most pleasing of our exchanges.

"Shadow," Crookston High, is an interesting little paper. We should like to know if your Miss Cornish is Miss Vesta M. Cornish, who formerly taught in our school.

We must apologize for not having mentioned previously the following Commencement numbers: "The Oracle," the "Alert," Cogswell, "Dictum Est," Comet, "Mistletoe," Polytechnic Journal, "and "Tamalpais Graduate." This is owing to the fact that they were mislaid and just came to the

attention of the new exchange editor.

The "Comet" is very neatly arranged and full of clever material. "The Heroine" is a very pretty story. The cuts are very attractive.

Ione, your "Annual" certainly is splendid, containing good stories, joshes and cuts. The girls are to be congratulated upon their basket ball record, and we wish them continuance of such success.

The "Omnigraph" is chiefly characterized by a lack of cuts. The locals are good and the cover neat.

"Dictum Est" your cover is very pretty. The Class Prophecy is cleverly written. There are many good joshes, but why are they not in a josh column, instead of scattered all through the paper?

"Oracle," we have nothing but praise for you—for the splendid appearance of the paper, the literary department and poems. The joshes and cuts are included in this.

In the "Cogswell" the cuts, good arrangement, good stories, all go to make it one of our best Commencement numbers.

"Alert," your cuts for the Class Prophecy and Athletics are fine. You are another of our best Commencement issues.

Willits High, your first effort at publication of the "Mistletoe" was a decided success. We suggest more cuts as soon as possible, and more joshes. The boys are coming right along in athletics. Here's to their future success.

"Polytechnic Journal," we find no fault except with your cover, if plainness be called a fault. We take it that the omission of joshes and exchange column was intentional. The Horoscope and Class Prophecy are well written.

The "Tamalpais Graduate" has plenty of good joshes. This issue of the paper shows good results of clever heads and hard work.

Sugar and Lemons

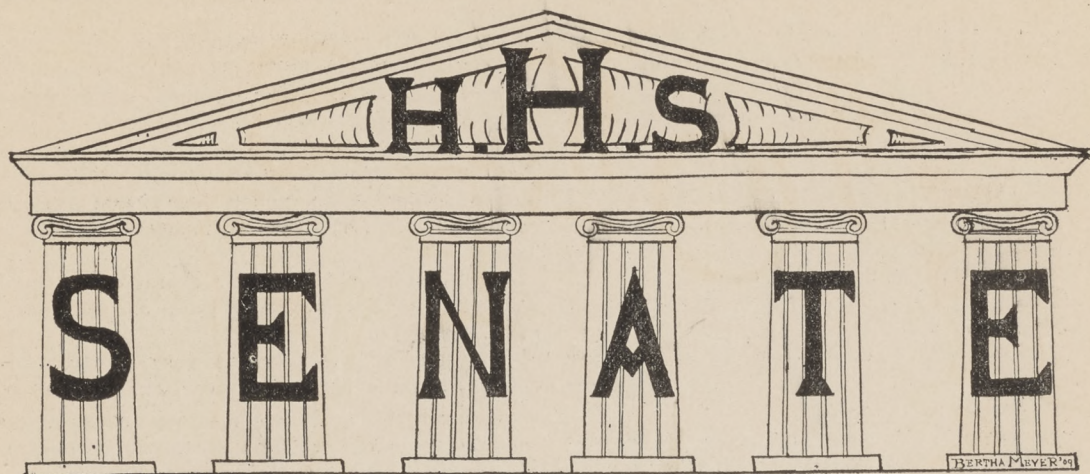
The "Guard and Tackle," Stockton, says: "The Sotoyoman, June issue: Your paper is good, but where is your fiction? Your cover is excellent."

From the "Comet," Austin, Texas. "The June Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, would be a very good paper if you had some stories; but otherwise your paper shows that the editors take an interest in their work."

From the "Loyal Son's Clarion: "The Sotoyoman, Commencement number, has a neat cover.

The class pictures show up badly scattered through the book. Your material is not at all bad, but should be under different departments. You have some good rhymes."

According to the "Echo," Kenton, Ohio: "The Commencement number of the Sotoyoman from Healdsburg is a fine paper, the poems being extraordinary. As a whole it is a very well edited paper."



The first meeting of the Fifth Congress of the Healdsburg High School was called November 19, 1909, by President Cethyl Jones. Several encouraging speeches were heard from the faculty and numerous students among the different classes, after which the meeting was adjourned.

On December 3, the second meeting of Congress was called. Bill No. 1, providing for the establishment of a more extensive ship subsidy was given a second and third reading, after which, followed a discussion. The affirmative speakers were, Joe Thompson, Idaho; Ynez York, Wyoming; Marshall Lewis, Indiana. The negative, Isabel Carter, Hawaiian Islands, Arthur Moody, Kansas; Basil Hall Arkansas; Halsey Rine, Connecticut.

The speeches were all very good this time. Halsey Rine of Connecticut delivered the star speech of the meeting though. He put so much life into everything he said. We were very glad to hear from some of the Sophomores and Freshman. Ynez York of Wyoming and Marshall Lewis of Indiana, you have made a good beginning and hope you'll keep it up with the help of others from your classes.

Cethyl Jones, president, is taking a great interest in the work and works diligently getting bills and speakers. It would be a great help if the pupils would take it upon themselves to write these bills and submit them to the officers. Any vital question that a good debate could be given on write it up in form of a bill, endorse it and then defend it in session. It's splendid practice and helps the school along. The faculty has allowed us extra time that is given us some regular recitation time, every other Friday, so we all should show our appreciation of the same by using that time well.

The debate on the subsidy was one worth hearing, and excitement and interest ran high. The speakers all gave their arguments in forcible tones and in a way that showed they knew their subject well. These are the kind of debates we want all term, so all get in and hustle—each of you try to smooth one wrinkle from the care-furrowed brow of the President of the Senate.

Sugar and Lemons

From the "Flame," Fruitvale: "Material as good as in 'Ye Sotoyoman' should be placed on better paper."

"The Omnigraph" says: "October Sotoyoman, your Exchange department is written up in a unique and interesting way. It must keep Mr. Busy body pretty busy sure enough to think up such good plans."

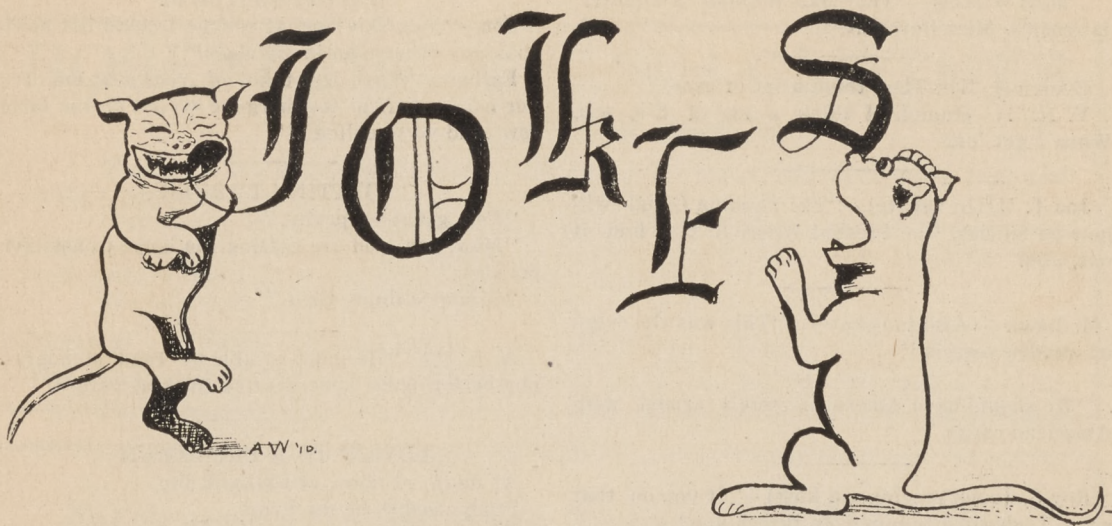
The "Review," Sacramento: "Your cover is neat, Sotoyoman, fine, but the arrangement of your material is not good. Where are your stories and why do you scatter your senior pictures from cover to cover?"

The "High School Register:" "Sotoyoman, Healdsburg—A fine Commencement number indicating success for the coming year."

The "Olla Podrida," Berkeley High, says: "The Sotoyoman is another good Commencement number, in fact, there are are nothing but Senior 'doings,' They have some very good things to report in athletics 'up Healdsburg way.'"

* * *

These criticisms are taken in the same kindly spirit in which ours are given, and we shall endeavor to benefit by them.



HE KNEW

A teacher was trying to find out what a class of small children remembered about animals. "Let's see" she said, "What one has bristly hair, likes dirt and is fond of getting into the mud!" Seeing a look of intelligence come into one boy's face, she said, "Can you tell, Tommie?" "Yes'm," he replied, "that's me"

Mr. Bull (on entering the English room)—"Miss Wilkins, how many are there in the class of English II?"

Miss W.—"Well, er-er let me see."

Mr. B. started to leave the room when Miss W. called after him, "Twenty-three"

Ignorance is bliss, they say,
So it is clearly seen
Why such happy faces
Are worn by class '13.

DISILLUSIONMENT

When a young man gets married
He thinks he's on honeymoon trail—
But the trail he travels is to the bank
When he's been married awhile.

Mr. Bull comes into Physics III class fumbling in his vest pocket, and after a little remarked, "I've lost my class book."

A RESOLUTION

Whereas—We the Junior class of Healdsburg High school have unwittingly and unintentionally grieved our English teacher, Miss Wilkins, and

Whereas—Miss Wilkins has labored long and patiently to better our mental condition in this most important branch of learning, and

Whereas—Said praiseworthy efforts have been futile, and

Whereas,—Miss Wilkins has despaired of our future comfort, not believing that ignorance is bliss, and

Whereas—This devoted pedagogue has seen fit to appeal to her co-worker, Prof. Bull, on behalf of our deplorable lack of response, and

Whereas—Said Mr. Bull has passed on the fit and we've seen (likewise heard) it, be it

Resolved—That we, said party of the offense, shall henceforth, beginning today, respond

Further—We will send forth such a stream of eloquent remarks as will win for us the fame and name of a good English class—and shall delight the souls of our instructors, said parties of the faculty.

[Seal]

Signed and sealed this 30th day
of November, 1909.

NOTORIOUS JUNIOR CLASS.

L. D. '11—"Who was Henry VII?"

V. N. '11—"He was the daughter of—" interrupted by a laugh.

Miss Wilkins—"The 'Man Without a Country' is your's, Miss Burright."

Evelyn G. '11—"They think a lot of ease."

V. N. '11—"Humph! I think a lot of E's, too, When I get 'em"

Joe T. '11(In debate)—"The Panama Canal will now be finished"—Presto! Where'd you find it out, Joe?

M. Lewis—(Also in debate)—"This was the reign of wooden vessels."

"We should have American vessels armed with American cargo."

Roy S. (upon receiving a kick)—"If you do that again I shall be tempted to thrash you!"

C. Jones—"All in favor of laying this table on the bill."

Miss W. Eng., II—"Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? What does that mean?"

Voice—"It means that his shoes were off."

"How are the polywogs this morning, Mrs. Frog?"

Pretty well, thank you, though a bit restless. You see, they are just cutting their hind legs.

HIS OPPORTUNITY

Son—"Yes, Guv'nor, at college I could lift more than any other man in my class."

Father—"Waal, jest take off your coat and try yer hand at liftin' the morgege we put on the farm tew send ye to college."

GETTING LARGER

"Pop, gimme a penny."

"Now, son, you are getting too large to ask for pennies."

"Gimme a dime, then."

A. E. '13—"He must be able to read stenography better as his head isn't so thick as before."

ADVICE TO A FRESHMAN

At morn, at noon, at twilight, dim,

Study used to be my hymn,

But now 'tis "fun" that makes my rhyme

Come you Freshie—join in line.

Can't you see how strong we are

Our brains and beauty we ne'er mar.

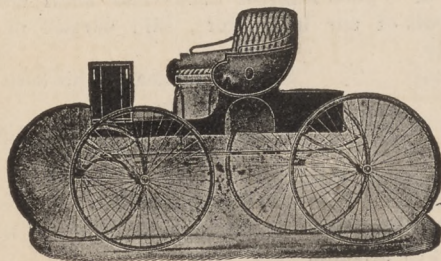
Do not strive for those big E's

We'll get through in June on P's.

IMPUDENCE OF SOME PEOPLE

Freshie to Senior—"Don't talk about us, you Seniors look green, too."

Senior—"Why, sure, it's natural that everything should look green to you."



When you hire a Buggy, Ask
for an "AUBURN"

They ride easy, look well and wont break down

Jas. A. Brown
THE BUGGY MAN

Santa Rosa

Healdsburg

ROSENBERG & BUSH CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

There's a big difference between clothes made especially for young men and clothes that are sometimes sold young men.

Our young men's clothes are made by tailors who have specialized on young men's clothes for over twenty years and millions of their suits and overcoats have been sold to the best dressed young men in every state.

We cordially invite you to inspect our

New Fall Models of Suits and Overcoats

And observe the distinctive features of clothes that are made the Young Men's Way.

For Women

New Net Waists
New Style Skirts
New Models
W. B. Corsets
Furs, Sweater Coats
Rain Proof Umbrellas

The Elite Toggery

Ladies and Gents
FURNISHINGS
and
CLOTHING

Chas. T. Byington

Men's Clothes

We sell
Schwab's "Ten Dollar
Bill" Suits
Schwab's \$15 Specials
Schwab's \$20 "Better
Grade" Suits
College Cut Suits

O. O. COBB & CO.

GENERAL DRY GOODS
FURNISHING GOODS
HATS, SHOES, ETC.

AGENTS FOR ED. V. PRICE TAILORING COMPANY

Healdsburg Bottling and Ice Works

—AND—

Mountain View Creamery

Manufacturers of Ice, Soda Water, etc.

Factory on University St.

F. O. BRANDT

Healdsburg, Cal.

Evans Drug Store

The Store with the Stock and
Service. Where a Dollar Does
Its Duty

Evans, the Place to Buy Drugs

List Your Property with the

Sonoma and Mendocino Realty Co.

Real Estate and Insurance

Phone 80

341 West Street

"Why did the salt shaker?"

"Because he saw the spoon holder and the lemon
squeezer"—Ex.

"Your dad stole muh dad's gate."

"No, he nevalh."

"Yes sar, I seen him."

"Why didn' the say something about it?"

"Cause he's fraid you might take a fence
(offense).

The latest out—a splendid novel—thrilling "The
Mystery Under the Library Table," or "What was
Sampson Doing There?"

The Latest in Popular and Operatic Music Always at

Skee & Harrison's

and of course you know who caries the Best
Line of Furniture

A. F. Stevens Lumber Co.

Office and Yard near depot

Building Material of Every Description

Save Money—Let Us Figure Your Bill

Satisfaction Guaranteed

LOUIS C. KOBERG

Leading Jeweler

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Etc. Waterman Fountain Pens
Class Pins to Order. Fine Repairing a Specialty

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA

The Carriage Hospital

HENRY BOSS, Proprietor

Carriage and Wagon Repairing and General Blacksmithing. New Work
Built to Order. Carriage and Automobile Painting a Specialty.

West Street, North of Sotoyome Stables

Healdsburg, Cal

Why **BYERS** so
is busy?

Because he does the best
Cleaning and Dyeing in town

"Stick to me closely" said the envelope to the stamp.

"By gum, I will," was the reply.

"Say, papa," cried little Tommy at dinner, "gimme me some butter."

"What did you say," papa corrected. "If-if—" Tommy—"If you can reach it."—Ex.

"Father, can you tell me who Shylock was?"

"What" exclaimed the father, "you ask me who Shylock was? Shame on you, boy. Get your Bible and find out."—Ex.

Read The
Enterprise
The Best
Home Paper

Your Job Work is Finished Neater and Looks Better if Done
at the Office of

• The Enterprise •

Place a Trial Order and See How we can Please You

EPH WEISS

Has Built his reputation as a competent Optician on the solid Foundation SATISFACTION--In fact he is not satisfied until you are satisfied.

He is at the Hotel Sotoyome on the
6th and 7th of each month

Moving Picture Show

Change of Pictures

Mondays

Wednesdays

Fridays

Saturdays

Frank Meisner, Prop.

S. FRIEDMAN'S
Money - Back Store

Ladies', Children's and
Gents' Furnishings

DRY GOODS

Center Street

Opp. Plaza

GUNN & FERGUSON

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

Hardware, Ranges, Implements
Crockery, Paints, Oils
and Windmills

SANITARY PLUMBING A SPECIALTY

Healdsburg Music Store

D. A. BANE, Manager

VICTOR RECORDS

LATEST SHEET MUSIC

KRUSE BLDG.

HEALDSBURG

M. GRAY

Dry Goods, Millinery

Fancy Goods and Notions

343 West St. Healdsburg

FOXY BOY

His mama—"Johnny Johnny Why do you swallow
your food with out chewing it?" Johnny—"I'm
saving my teeth, ma, so when I get old.—Ex.

TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE

Her Old Man—"So my daughter says she loves
you, eh? Well she doesn't."

Her Young Man—What do you mean, sir? So she
is deceitful."

Her Old Man—"No, not that. But if she really
cared much about you she'd never let you risk your
life to break the news to me.

J. T. '11 (going to Eng. III)—"Wish I was in
Heaven—"

C. P.—"Have patience, that's where you're
going."

Mr. B. Physics IV)—"We have two legs, two
arms, two ears, eyes, etc., so if we lose one we
have the other left."

Boys—"Thank heaven the girls haven't two
tongues."

"For we aint so foolish as we looks to be." (H.
S. '12 and O. M. '12).

PASSALACQUA & COOK

YOUR GROCERS

Carry the best Line of Fancy and
Staple Groceries, Hay, Grain,
Wood, etc., in the county

Next to Post Office

GARRETT'S
HARDWARE STORE

HARDWARE

Farming Implements of all Descriptions

Agent for

Samson Windmills and Universal Ranges

J. Walter Crider

Healdsburg Haberdashery

I Cater to the High School Trade

Fancy Ties, Hose, Sweaters and
Peg Corduroy Trousers

Eagle Bakery and
Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Pies & Cakes

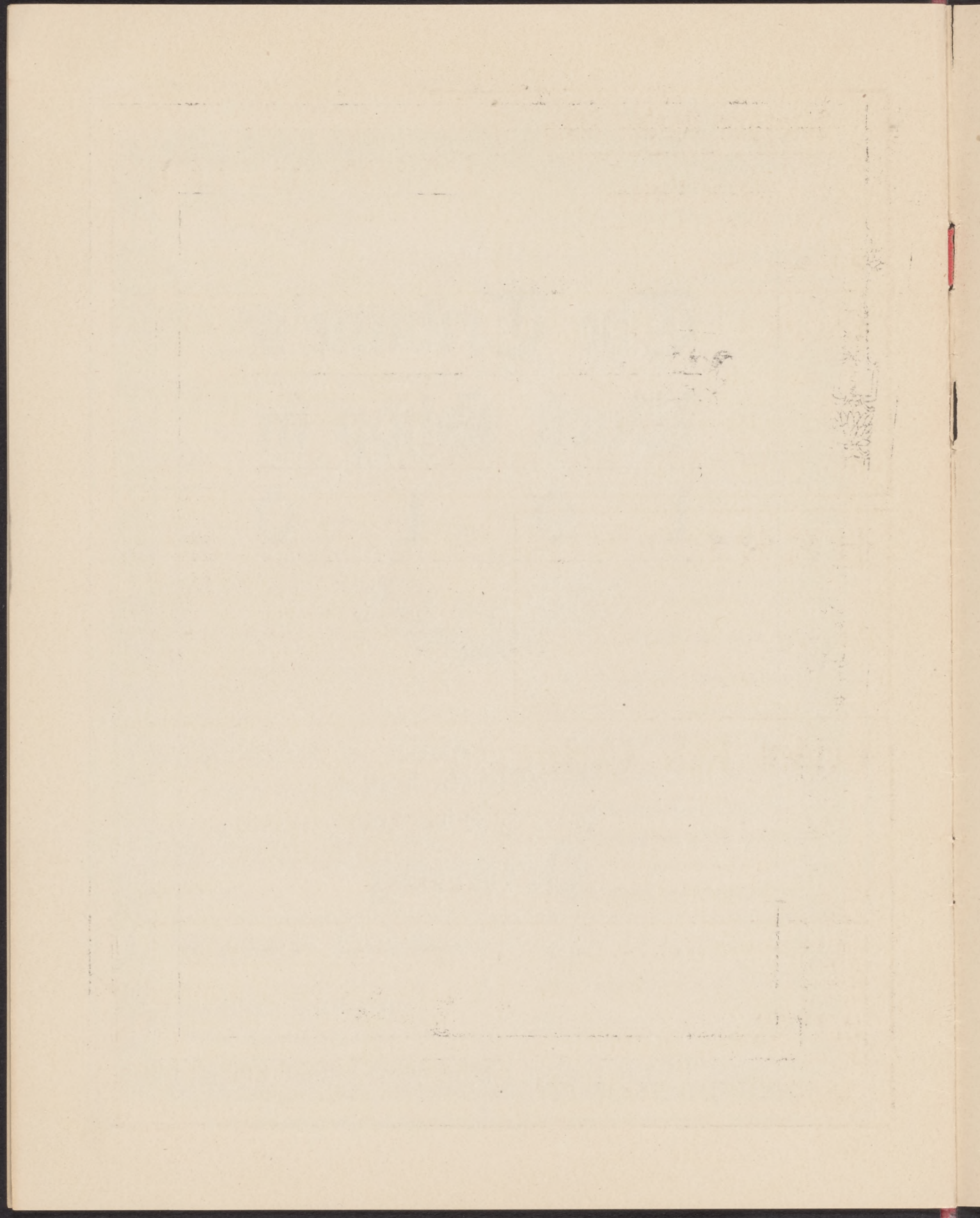
Behling, Proprietor

Matheson Street - South Side Plaza

The Tribune's
Work Shop in
1 9 1 0



Will be the best
place to get your
Printing



Sotoyome Barber Shop

Electric Massages
Hot and Cold Baths

H. D. Sacry, Prop.

Stop at the **UNION HOTEL**

E. Ben. WARE, Mgr.

Cuisine and Service Unexcelled

CNOPIUS & BREILING

Have an Extra Special
Fine COFFEE for
25c a Pound

BE SURE AND TRY IT

O. T. CLOUGH, Reg. Ph. Your Patronage Solicited

Clough's Pharmacy The Prescription Store

PHONE MAIN 37

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

HERRON'S

—FOR—

Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA

A young couple were walking past a dry goods store, when the wife stopped to look at some dresses. After a moment she returned to where she had left her husband, and grasping an arm said complainingly, "You never want to stop and look at any thing that's interesting to me. You don't care for me any more. You haven't kissed me for three weeks." "It's not my fault, but my misfortune," politely replied the man. He was not her husband.

Golden Rule Cyclery

—AGENT FOR—

Racycles, Iver Johnson and Savage Bicycles

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING

C. E. CHURCHMAN, Prop'r.

Fergie the Barber **For the Latest in Haircutting**

Powell Street, North of Plaza

Healdsburg

JIMMIE DUMPS
HOB0
BOSCO
PIPPIN
HAPPY HIT
FRED WRIGHT
FREAK

Some of the Latest in
"JUST WRIGHT" \$4 and \$5

SHOES

ROSENBERG SHOE CO.

E. H. BECK **Livery and Feed Stables**

We furnish single and double rigs at
all times and to all points

Express and Transfer Business Handled

309 West St., Healdsburg

EVERYBODY STOPS

— AT THE —

Hotel Sotoyome

J. McDONOUGH & SON, Proprietors

Tennis Shoes and Oxfords

in both White and Black for
the Basket Ball Players at
the **Healdsburg Shoe House**

F. Vitousek

Foster's Candy Store

For Finest Home Made
Candies and Ice Cream

Phone Main 1041 Healdsburg, Cal.

The Millinery Parlors

A fine line of winter styles
now displayed

MRS. V. L. SHRIVER, Prop.

239 Powell St. Healdsburg

See the

Rochdale Co's

Christmas Supplies

Nuts, Raisins, Mincemeat, Citron and
Lemon Peel, Cranberries

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. WALTER SEAWELL, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office and Residence Phones Ottmer Building, West St.
HEALDSBURG, CAL.

J. R. SWISHER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Phone to Residence and Office—Office in Swisher & Coffman
Building, West Street, Healdsburg

JOHN C. CONDIT, M. D.

Phones at Residence and Office

Hours 10 to 12 A. M.—1:00 to 4:00 P. M.—7 to 8 P. M.

Office in Kruse Building, Healdsburg, Cal.

DR. EDGAR L. MORSE

Osteopathic Physician

Office adjoining Residence Corner Fitch and Matheson Sts.

Phones at Office and Residence

J. F. ROSENBERG

Attorney-at-Law

Office, Norton-Stussy Bldg.

Healdsburg, Cal.

WRIGHT

UP-TO-DATE

Photography

KRUSE BUILDING

OUR LEADING NEWSPAPER

LARGEST CIRCULATION

The Sotoyome Scimitar

EDITED BY ANDE NOWLIN * YOU KNOW THE REST

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

FINEST JOB PRINTING

Sotoyome Lumber Yard

B. D. Ackerman, Prop.

All Kinds of Building
and Split Material

Yard: Foot of West St.

Healdsburg

VISIT THE

Bowling Alley

Pool and Billiard
Parlors

West St.

Healdsburg

H. R. BODGE

Books and Stationary
Picture Framing

West Side Plaza

Healdsburg Garage

Expert Automobile
Repairing

Full Line Auto Supplies. Auto Renting

B. W. WINTER, PROP.

Phone Main 16

West Street

Murphy & Rose

Licensed Plumbers and Electricians

Plumbing, Tinning, Electric Wiring
and General Jobbing

Collins Bldg.

Center St.

Healdsburg

Dennis & Haigh

The Busy

GROCERS

We sell the Best of Groceries, Hay, Grain and Wood

Home Bakery

First-Class Bread,
Pies, Cakes
and
Fancy Pastry

JOHN KLINGEL, Prop.

PRINTED BY
THE
HEALDSBURG
TRIBUNE